

15.

a quick poke and a long wait

burned out on his home turf
he went into exile. absented
himself from fun city and sought
solace in the life of the mind.
he kept bees in a far country
and never opened his mail.

but life, having bigger plans
for him, sent a live one his way:
a lean, cool mistress, wife
to a sheep farmer. impressed
with his big city ways, she
threw herself at him. he

accepted the inevitable with gusto;
it was good while it lasted.

16.

his scholarly inclinations

returning an overdue vivaldi album, he
found himself taken with the reference
librarian. he devoted his life to literature,
long hours of research wherein he imagined
her drawn in dreams, past lives, half
moments to his professorial air. to the
musty wheeze of old bound journals they
exchanged furtive glances over the card

catalog. oak chairs clanked, coughs and
sneezes were muffled. he wished to liberate
the tight bun of her wispy hair. had visions
of hot stuff beneath her tweedy skirts.

happily the spirituality of his attraction
was nicely counterbalanced by a stiff dick.